SENTINEL SIX

AUDITIONS

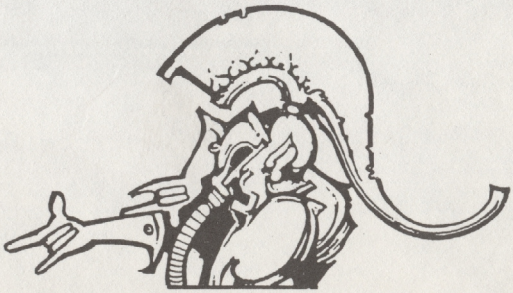
PALLAS

FREE GIG FREE GIG FREE GIG

PALLAS PRESENT
AN INFORMAL PREVIEW
OF NEW MATERIAL

ONE NIGHT ONLY
SPECIAL GUEST VOCALIST

ON THURSDAY 5th JULY
8.00till 10.00
AT
St. K's CLUB. WEST NORTH St.
DOORS OPEN 8.00



DEFINATELY NOT TO BE MISSED!

THE SUMMER OF '84

Without a doubt, the most important development this summer was the parting of the ways between Pallas and Euan. Euan was asked to leave by the band as they had come to the conclusion that Pallas with Euan had reached the end of its life as a creative and functional unit. The decision, though very hard to come to terms with but had been coming for some time, gave the band the opportunity to evaluate their future and to try to inject the dynamism which they felt had been lacking from their recent offerings. The first task in hand was to sort out the situation - with regards to needing a fifth member, as soon as possible. One often suggested option was to remain a fourpiece, however none of the band thought that would be a workable proposition. The search was then on to find THE VOICE and THE PERSON to take on the position of frontman for a re-born band. No particular hard and fast rules were adopted and a wide ranging advert was placed in Melody Maker.

The response to the advert and the publicity in Sounds and Kerrang was phenomenal with well over three hundred cassettes pouring into the office in the course of a fortnight. Manager Harry Maloney embarked on concentrated listening sessions to sort out the hopefuls from the hopeless. It's sad to relate that the ability and quality of many of the applicants left much to be desired. After Harry's listen-ins, the best of the tapes, eventually whittled down to about thirty, had been sent up in batches to the band in Aberdeen and a shortlist of roughly ten interesting voices had been established. Approaches were made to the owners of these voices with a view to bringing them up to Aberdeen for personal meetings and auditions at the farm.

The original advert hadn't stated which band was searching for a new vocalist, and some of the people on the short-list approached for auditions turned down the opportunity when finding out who the band in question was. However, the majority were interested enough to make the often lengthy journey by British Rail up to Aberdeen to meet the band and sing their hearts out at the farmhouse. The initial auditionees soon vindicated the bands original decision about Euan. During this period, another tape found it's way to the band through a convoluted process initiated by Radio Clyde DJ, Tom Russell, and so it was that a "manic dwarf hippy" found his way to the Pallas Audition Centre.

After nearly a month of auditions, songwriting trials and second visits, the shortlist had been reduced from the original hundreds of tapes to two and a reserve. The next move was to put the two hopefuls through the ultimate ordeal. A live gig. On two consecutive Thursdays, free gigs were arranged in Aberdeen with the audience consisting of invited fan club members, friends and relations. This was an acid test, however good their voices and personalities, it was essential that the new vocalist could deliver on stage. The two auditionees coped with the ordeal very well, but a front runner had clearly emerged and after lengthy interviews with Harry, the former "hippy" Alan Reed was offered the choice of joining Pallas to make a demo to offer to the record company. Thus it was that Pallas with Alan Reed found themselves in Highland Recording Studios recording a 4 song demo towards the end of July. Alan was subsequently accepted as the new Pallas vocalist.

During his visits to the Pallas camp, the young Mr Reed had undergone a remarkable self induced transformation from self confessed "hippy" look to potential heart-throb. Having been an English and Education student at Stirling, he'd let his appearance go somewhat, but the opportunity of joining such a "sophisticated" bunch as Pallas, encouraged a drastic image-change so that probably his own mother wouldn't recognise him. However, one aspect of the man's persona that no-one would even want him to alter is his diminutive size and his endless energy which was so apparent at his trial gig. One thing is for certain, with Alan Reed at the helm, Pallas are back with a new vitality and dynamism. At last, Pallas HAVE ARRIVED ALIVE!

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Hello there etc, etc, it's very hard to know exactly where to begin, so perhaps I'll start with the basic details first. Born in Glasgow on 20 February 1964, I commenced a period of moving around the country (at my parent's insistence) before finally homing in on the Garnock Valley town of Dalry in Ayrshire. Here I remained, with the exception of a brief spell in Bavaria until going to University at Stirling to Study English and Education.

Originally, I was heavily into flying and wanted to become an RAF fighter pilot. The idea of whistling down the Highland glens at the speed of sound seemed a lot more attractive than anything else my feeble mind could visualise, and so I joined the Air Cadets as soon as I could in order to further this plan. At the age of 15 however, I almost simultaneously discovered both Rush and the guitar and this was to lead to a marked change in my interests. Six months of struggling with a tatty classical guitar led me to the conclusion that lead heroics were not for me and so with the siren's song of Geddy Lee's Rickenbacker caressing my ears, I took up bass with which I was considerably more successful.

This set the mould for the next few years, and with the exception of my very first school band and Abel Ganz, (where I was but a mere vocalist), I tackled Bass guitar with complete abandon, playing whenever and with whoever I could, eventually fronting my own band at University playing Bass, Twelve-string, and, you've guessed it, singing. Thus it was by pure chance, and the result of being in a particularly pissed-off mood, that I answered an ad in Sounds from a Glasgow band looking for a Phil Collins type vocalist (something of which I've been regularly accused in the past and no doubt also in the future). The band turned out to be a certain Abel Ganz, who needed a vocalist to record a demo/cassette album, which was eventually to turn into the fabled "Gratuitous Flash" cassette.

Five gigs later, I was at Kelvingrove Free Festival in front of 7,000 punters, most of whom seemed to like my voice, and on being told that Pallas needed a new singist, I toyed with the idea of applying. Unfortunately, I knew a friend at University, who knew a friend who knew a friend who knew the infamous Mike Bentley. Thus it transpired that at a particularly drunken gathering in the wilds near Aberdeen, a copy of "Gratuitous Flash" changed hands, along with a large sum of money, and eventually found its way into the hands and onto the stereos of Pallas. The rest is far too confusing to relate.

Apart from all this heavy musical history (Maaan!), my life has been on average fairly dull, music being the only thing about which I think/feel/talk about, as virtually anyone who has had a three hour conversation with me about the advantages of double-coil pickups over single-coil ones will testify. When I'm not playing music (or talking about it), or sleeping, I enjoy wasting time and watching television, or even social drinking. Five or six pints a day is fine for some, but at my size, that is more than double my whole body weight.

Unlike certain other, more famous, singists of this genre then my habits are relatively clean ..... - ish, but perhaps under the band's evil influence things may well change for the better. (I could tell you a story about Dek and Niall and the machine that goes "whirr"! but perhaps.....) Anyway, back to matters in hand. It feels good to now be a member of a band for whom I had considerable regard ... nay awe ... whilst a mere punter at the Dial Inn and perhaps now I can get a refund on the money I've spent going to see them.

To get quite serious though, I'm quite sure many of you are still as shocked as I was when I first heard of Euan's sacking, about which you'll probably read elsewhere. However, I hope that you'll continue to give the band as much support as you have in the past and make my taking over of a difficult job that little bit easier. Looking forward to seeing you all soon.

Alan

ALAN REED

PALLAS

PHOTO

WEDDING BELLS

Ronnie's list of ambitions in the Sentinel Tour Programme included paying off his tax problems and marrying Brenda. We don't know if the taxman has received his money yet, but we are glad to report that the other ambition was fulfilled on Tuesday June 5th at the Melville Carden Church in Aberdeen. It was then that Ronald Brown and Brenda Sherrifs became man and wife. It was a quiet afternoon with a select company of close family and friends in attendance at the picturesque granite church.

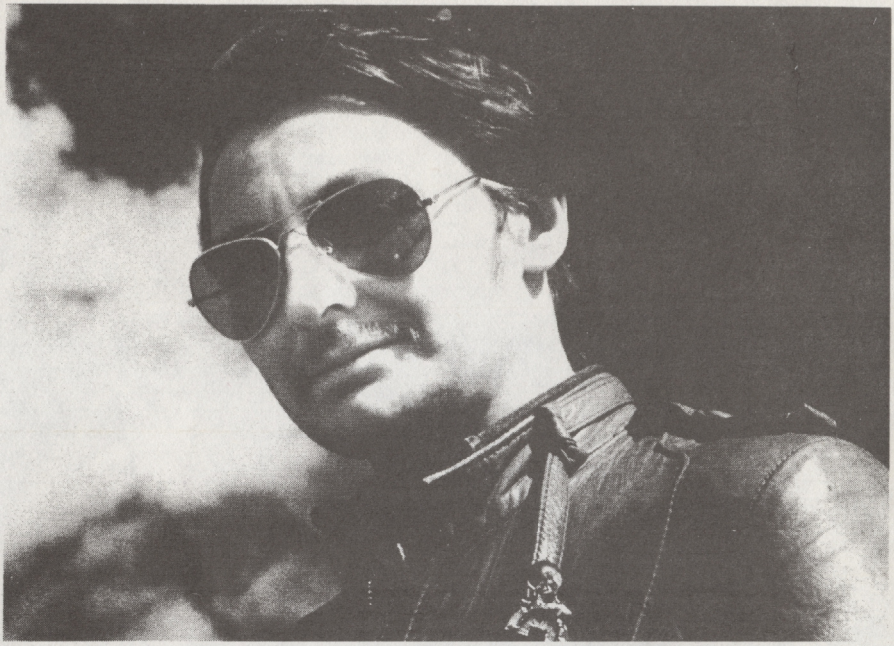
Ronnie and Brenda had been close friends for almost two years, Brenda is a librarian in a local library, originally hailing from Portsoy to the north of Aberdeen. Ronnie is believed to be a keyboard player in one of those noisy rock bands. Ronnie's best man was none other than his cousin, Wal, who had to be restrained from wearing a yellow suit in the church, obviously the suave accountant look doesn't run in the family!

After the festivities, the happy couple went on a short honeymoon before Ronnie had to return to his keyboards for the auditions. The newlyweds are currently living in a flat close-by to the town centre but hope to emigrate to the wilds of Cove, a far flung suburb, this autumn.

The unprecedented sight of the band dressed up in suits couldn't be missed by The Sentinel's roving photographer who preserved the moment for posterity, and by the way, there's no truth in the rumour that Ronnie played the organ at his own wedding, or that the happy couple walked up the aisle to the strains of "a bit of culture".

THE BROONS

BEHIND THE SCENES



In the second of our "Behind the Scenes" features, we have been bribed by the "small is wonderful" Action Group to feature the band's diminutive L.D. (Lighting Designer) "Wiz" alias Graeme Hunter.

Wiz has been with the band longer than anyone would care to remember - going back to the "Rainbow" days of 1976. Initially, Wiz also known as "little Graeme", was an unofficial helper to the then lighting person, but soon took over the job himself where his flair for things electric became unleashed. During the day, he was employed by NCR fixing cash registers and data terminals. With his electrical knowledge and Dereks home-made cans and gantries, plus several miles of cable, Wiz devised some bizarre control boxes and came up with the most fiendishly complex and impressive light show of any semi-pro band in Scotland.

Being a smallish sort of person, he compensates for this by dashing around the place at the speed of light, hence the nickname "Billy Whizz" which became shortened to just "Wiz". The nickname also has something to do with his unique style of driving which accounts for the amount of gearboxes and clutches he's worn out. Wiz also sleeps a great deal. He's one of the few people to sleep standing up on the tour bus, and has been known to fall asleep behind the wheel of his car, and even his motor-bike. It's rumoured that the reason he sleeps so much during the day is because he can't get into his own bedroom at night, it's so full of old tills and lighting equipment.

Having perfected his spaghetti junction lighting system, Wiz then turned his talents to pyromania. His home made multi-channel flash bomb control unit became the terror of many a venue, and many's the time he's nearly had band members go up in flames, and once did!!
With the advent of the band turning pro, Wiz was soon to turn his back on the tills and cash registers of Scotland and now devotes his time between Pallas and occasional jaunts with LSD (The Light and Sound Design Company!) and Abbotsford Accoustics, an Aberdeen based lighting and PA hire company. In recent months, Wiz has been on the road with the Jo-Boxers and Run-Rig. When Wiz isn't on the road, he can be found at the Pallas farm in his workshop, surrounded by broken amplifiers etc. We're not implying that everything he touches blows up like his flashboxes, but we are beginning to wonder!

COMPETITION

The first competition must have been really difficult as we hardly had any entries at all. It's hardly surprising because there wasn't really a correct solution to it anyway! However, we did select a winner, and we hope to see him at an upcoming gig.

Now, we could have relented and made this issues competition really easy, but we know you're really quite a clever lot so we've come up with the good old hidden words game. In the grid below, there are 20 words associated with PALLAS. They are arranged vertically, horizontally and diagonally, in either the correct or reversed spelling. Find as many as you can and send a list of them, in alphabetical order, to "Competition 2" at the usual address, and please no guessing. As usual, the winner picked out of the hat will receive two tickets to a tour date of their choice.

WORD SQUARE

E	S	N	R	O	H	T	F	O	N	W	O	R	C	L	S	E
P	H	A	A	T	L	A	N	T	I	S	N	T	D	R	E	O
P	P	N	G	I	S	A	E	I	N	N	O	R	R	E	N	E
N	L	L	A	I	N	R	E	T	O	I	X	N	S	T	T	A
A	Y	K	E	R	E	D	B	E	L	C	A	S	U	E	I	I
U	S	A	S	Y	C	O	M	E	L	I	F	U	T	K	N	I
E	M	I	N	T	L	O	F	R	A	B	E	R	D	E	E	N
S	V	O	M	E	I	N	F	T	F	H	E	W	R	A	L	Y
Y	O	I	U	T	A	K	L	I	D	O	K	C	O	H	S	T
P	U	T	R	E	N	C	H	S	N	I	B	U	F	T	Z	O
H	I	M	U	R	R	A	Y	T	A	F	S	T	F	O	O	P
A	B	E	L	G	A	N	Z	L	E	S	I	A	O	N	F	S
R	O	G	S	O	L	T	F	P	S	I	N	N	S	O	T	P
V	E	E	W	P	A	L	L	T	I	M	W	D	I	N	O	W
E	L	O	P	S	N	I	N	O	R	C	R	R	I	T	C	K
S	O	E	Y	M	S	O	S	E	I	D	I	U	D	N	Y	T
T	S	E	W	T	S	A	E	K	E	N	Y	N	O	U	A	T

Sentinel Six was brought to you with the invaluable assistance of Rhona and her amazing wordprocessor, Andy Banks (courtesy Peterhead Museum) Andy X of Casual Reaction, Alan Benzie of Ideal Flight, and King St Katering. Database returns in the next issue, due out in September.

PHOTO